# LOWER SANDUSKY FREEMAN.

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### The Lower Sandusky Freeman.

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*Sandusky*—March 26, June 8, October 15th.
*Erie*—March 19, May 21, October 1st.
*Huron*—March 12, June 4, September 18.
*Wood*—April 2, October 23.
*Ottawa*—May 1, September 10.
*Lucas*—April 6, June 25, Oct. 26.



### Poetry.

For the Freeman.

**On the Death of Little Clay.**

Beautiful one! thou hast gone away,
Like the sunny light at the close of day,
Which lingers and plays with the clouds awhile
To light the earth with a parting smile,
Then slowly fade from the dark'ning skies;
Even so hast thou my child faded before our eyes.

Thou hast gone away like the early flowers,
That bloom in their sweetness a few brief hours—
Like the opening bud of the early rose
Nipt by the frost ere its leaves unclose,
As the lily droops on a broken stem—
Sweet one! thou hast faded away like them.

Thou hast gone like the rainbow's glorious hues—
Like the Summer cloud and the early dews
That glitter like gems in the sun's first ray,
Then arise unseen to the clouds away,
Like all things 'ovely beneath the skies—
Thou hast passed away from our longing eyes.

Thou art gone like the beautiful things of earth,
That leave no trace of their early birth,
Like the joyous song of the Summer bird
When the warning voice of the storm is heard—
Yet sor like them; they will all return,
But vainly for thee will our spirits yearn.

Beautiful one! thou art sleeping now
With the shadow of death on thy sunny brow,
It has quenched the light of thy bright blue eye,
And frozen the smile as it flitted by;
And the beautiful features we loved so much,
Are turned to marble by death's cold touch.

Sweet one! we have seen thee from earth depart,
With tearful eyes and a breaking heart;
Death came, and took thy gentle form,
And bore thee away from coming storm,
Though dearer to us, than the light of day,
Yet death claims thee, as his lawful prey,

We know it were sinful to mourn for thee,
Though deserted and lonely our home must be,
For we know thou art now in that "spirit land:"
We know thou art one of that holy band
Redeemed from earth in thine early years,
With eyes undimed with affliction's tears.

**I know Thou hast Gone.**

BY H. K. HERVEY.

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest—
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gathered in thus;
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starr'd,
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast drank of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only, only repose,
And takes from it only regret!

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine,
And the love that made all things music to me,
I yet have not learnt to resign:
In the hush of the night, in the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still!

Mine eye must be dark, that so long has been dimm'd
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign!
I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a low murmer, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair,
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears;
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, from tears!

LITTLE GRAVES.

Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations, are the little graves in the churchyard. They are the depositories of the mother's sweet joys—half unfolded buds of innocence, humanity nipt by the first frost of time, ere yet a single kankerworm of pollution had nestled among its embryo petals. Callous indeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a little graveside and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened to the thoughts of that purity and joy which belongs to God and Heaven—for the mute preacher at his feet tells him of life begun and life ended, without a stain; how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite Goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief young sojourner among us. How swells the breast of the parent, with mournful joy, while standing by the cold earth-bed of our lost little ones! Mournful, because a sweet treasure is taken away—joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer!

Tale Bearing.—Never repeat a story unless you are positively certain that it is correct, and even unless something is to be gained either of interest to yourself or for the good of the person concerned. Tattling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it, grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbor, never reproach his character by telling that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another, until the tale becomes enormous. A story never loses anything by telling, is wisely remarked, but on the contrary gains in proportion as it is repeated by those who have not a very strict regard for the truth. Truly, "the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

☞ Macaulay says of an occasion in which Somers made a speech—Somers rose last. He spoke little more than five minutes, but every word was full of weighty matter; and when he sat down his reputation as an orator and constitutional lawyer was established. Our Congress orators will do well to ponder this five minutes speech in their hearts."

☞ Young mechanics and tradesmen should adopt two rules—1st. to do the work as the customer wants to have it done; and 2d, have it done by the time promised. The observance of these two rules will ensure success.

### Miscellaneous.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

**HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND HOW TO KEEP THEM.**

BY. JAMES H. PERKINS.

Before the days of *crochet* needles and bead purses, in those good old times when young ladies lived on quilting ruffles, and covering canvass with incomprehensible designs in worsted—four damsels of some sixteen or eighteen summers sat in the cheerful, chatty parlor of one of the many pleasant houses in Fourth street. They had talked of the weather, and the walking, and the last ball at the Bazaar, and the rumor that "shoulders of mutton" were going out of fashion in Paris, and had turned up their eyes and shivered with horror at the tho't of tight sleeves; they had touched on the bad manners of one gentleman, and the intense stupidity of another; had wondered how soon the engagement of Broadway would be out; and when the marriage on Third was to come off;—many times their heads had all been bent together, and a mysterious whispering had ensued, enough to have driven any single man crazy, had any one been present. No bachelor however, was so unlucky. One old gentleman with his newspaper sat by the fireside and looked at his paper and listened to the talk. There was not much in it, good or bad; but he liked to hear the silvery voices and the occasional laugh—as one likes to listen to the empty gurgling and laughing of a brook among the hills—so he stroked his queue and with half-shut eyes hearkened. Presently the conversation turned upon friendship.

"I never made a friend in my life," said Miss Maria Strong, with a sort of a mournful resignation.

"Why! Maria," cried little Sally Thompson, dropping her canvass; "you know we're all your friends."

"Yes," answered Maria, a sad smile lighting for a moment her really beautiful face, and lingering in the blue eye till the soul seemed looking through—"Yes, I know you are Sally, but you were born my friends. I did'nt say I had no friends, but that I had never made one.

As she ceased speaking, the beauty of the face disappeared, the light of the eye vanished. A moment before you would have said "How lovely,—now you cannot help thinking how dowdy and dull!"

"There's nothing easier than to make friends," said Georgiana Hull—and a look of scorn passed over her features—"flattery will make anybody your friend.

"But it is so mean!" replied Maria.

"Mean to give pleasure! Everybody likes to be flattered. I do I'm sure; and when I flatter others I do as I'd be done by."

Maria still shook her head.

"It *is* mean!" said Sally Thompson impulsively, Not that *you're* mean, Georgy; but *I* should be if I were to anoint people with what grandpa calls the oil of fools."

"And how do you make friends, Sally? for you've a host of them."

"How? why I make myself useful to them—I carry them preserves when anybody's sick, and send mince-pies on Christmas, and toys to the children; and run of errands, and go shopping for them—and do all sorts of things.

"But you do such things for everybody; you don't love everybody, do you?"

"No, but I want everybody to love me;—and so I treat them just as though I did love them."

Georgiana's fine countenance was again darkened by that look of scorn: "And is not all that flattery, Sally?" said she.

Before Sally could meet this unlooked for attack Maria had turned to a fourth of their little party, who had not for some time spoken, and said with an air in which affection and respect were strangely blended with perfect familiarity—"what do you say Lucy? You've more friends than any of us; nobody ever sees you without becoming your friend—what do you do? What's your secret?"

The one thus addressed was by no means a beauty. Her complexion was bad, and her features were far from regular. Her hair to be sure was beautiful and regular and when she spoke you lost half of what she said in the enjoyment of the most exquisite tones that ever stirred the air into music. As Maria spoke she blushed deeply; then throwing back her ringlets with a toss of the head as gracefully as it was unstudied she answered with the merriest laugh in the world:

"My secret Maria? I can't tell you. It is such a deep one I don't know it myself."

The old gentleman who had been stroking his queue with great energy suddenly broke forth—"True, true, very true—very true indeed!"

"Papa," said Georgiana with a smile that made every lineament as lovely as the former smile of scorn had made them repulsive—"Papa is dreaming that Mr. Webster has routed the nullifiers."

"No, no, Miss," said Mr. Hull turning short around upon the astonished girls—"I am not dreaming; I am not thinking of nullification; I am listening to your nonsense; and I say that my dear little grey eyed curly headed cousin here when she says she don't know her own secret, speaks a most excellent, admirable, never-sufficiently-to-be-commended truth." And the old gentleman bent over the hanging head and put aside the hanging tresses and kissed Lucy's cheek as delicately as the butterfly kisses the rose.

"And I say besides, young ladies"—resumed the enthusiastic white-haired old lawyer—"I say besides that all of you—you Miss Flattery—and you Miss Utility—all of you; everyone of you—will fail—entirely fail; till you learn my little cousin's secret that she can't tell you. You can have admirers enough—lovers enough—flatterers for the asking—but friends, friends—my dear young children—friends that will outlive beauty; fortune; good spirits—even good temper; friends that will cling to you when you are ugly—and you all will if you live be ugly, strange as it may seem; friends, I say my dear girls, that will cling to you when ugly, poor, stupid, cross, deserted by flatterers and all that hang, moth-like, around only the burning candle, they are to be won; how? how? There's the life-problem. Any of you may be married next month. Am I right, Georgiana? If flattery will make a friend, it 'll make ten lovers. A girl pretty or no, can flatter almost any man into a suitor; a husband. Very unromantic; I know it, I know it. But it's true; true as the unromantic clay you walk and live on, and are made of. The great problem of life I say again, is to make friends—friends here on earth; friends yonder in heaven. My dear children, I've seen life as you have not, and cannot; I would say it again, there is one thing, only one thing to be done on earth. We are here to do that thing; in business, such as we men mix in; amid the drudgery, folly, and silent misery of woman's life—that one thing is still the end. It is Friendship; friendship with God; with Jesus, the Deity in man, the reconciler of the finite and the infinite; with all good angels; with prophets and apostles; with every human being that comes near us—with the low, the vulgar, the wicked, no less than the rich, the educated and the pure. Seek the friendship of the glorified Jesus that you may raise yourselves; seek the friendship of publicans and sinners that you in your turn may raise them."

The old man's feelings had led him far beyond what he purposed to say. He drew a long breath, rubbed his hand in a most merciless manner over his nose and chin, sat down, relapsed into silence and nursed his queue.

Who can describe the hope that beamed in the diffident eyes of Maria? the affection that made Georgiana's proud earthly, features catch a hue of heaven? the admiring wonder that brought tears to the eyes of practical Sally Thompson? or the complete sympathy and faith which, lifting the soul of Lucy to the skies, transformed, for an instant, her body? Earth never lent such beauty to the human face.

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Ten years have passed by; it is 1844; the white-haired old lawyer has gone to enjoy that friendship in heaven which he so constantly looked forward to as the end of life; the four girls have become four matrons, and the worsted has passed from working shepherds on black cloth to darning the toes of infantile socks. Let us look in upon these young mothers and see how they have sped, and whether they have learned Lucy's secret.

In a small room, cheaply clad but tastily furnished with a few shells on the mantle and a very bad portrait of herself just opposite, sits Sally Thompson, now Mrs. Blake. Mr. Blake, tired with his long day at the counting-house, dozes over his Intelligencer, the image of stupification. His dressing gown is terribly out at elbows, and a large hole is visible in the heel of his stockings, for you see it now, that he has on his shabby work slippers, which Sally had presented him with before they were married. The little woman herself is hard at work—upon what? Something for her little girl up stairs? Or for her husband down stairs? Or for her purblind Betsy, the old woman that had nursed her, and who is now under the stairs in the basement? No! She's hard at it finishing a bead purse for Georgiana's Hull's husband—Mr. Stone, the rich Louisiana planter. Now and then she gapes, for she has been slaving since daylight to get her cakes done to send to twenty people in the neighborhood, and spend the afternoon with Mr. Farley's sick child on Race street. She's the same busy, active, driving, obliging little body; always helping every one and neglecting no one—except those of her own household. She still wanted every soul in the city to love her; her husband and baby and old Betty love her of course, she need'nt put herself out for them. But does she love every one she works for? Bless you, no. Mrs. Farley is the greatest bore in the world; the Blisses to whom she sent three elegant smoking tea-cakes, are enough to drive anybody mad with their airs and fine dresses. The great Mr. Stone, over whose purse her eyes are winking and watering, is a great, pompous fool. But then something must be done and borne for popularity. Such are Sally's views. But is she popular? Has she bo't friendship with even plum-cake, and nights of nursing? Ask Mr. Blake who is just rousing himself.

"At work still, says the oily faced gentleman—why its midnight Sally. And what for? Some one, I'll be bound that will never thank you for your pains."

"Why, William, how you talk! Its not nine, and Mr. Stone will be delighted I'm sure; he'll be my friend for life," said Sally.

"Nonsense! Friends! You ain't his friend, why should he be yours? Did not you call him a peacock this morning?"

"But he'll never know it. I show him friendship enough, and so I do everybody else, and they ought to love me."

The tears came into Sally's eyes, she had a feeling that she had failed, but could not see why; she'd been showing friendship all her life, and never known that human eye, after a time, cou'd distinguish between pebbles of mica-slate and California gold; she had never heard the dozens who received her pies and presents, her visets and her aid, say in their hearts "She don't care for us. Its all selfishness, she wants us to love her, and so she pretends to love us." Poor Sally! she has not solved Mr. Hull's problems—she has not learned Lucy's secret.

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In a far handsomer apartment, but one which shows the hand of an excellent housewife and woman of true and cultivated taste, Maria Strong who has been changed by Hymen into Mrs. Penniman, is teaching her oldest boy to read. Her husband has been detained late at court, and is not yet at home. Maria's countenance has grown very much older, and is sad and thoughtful. She has thought once or twice of bringing her husbands's slippers and evening coat in from the closet, and of setting the boot-jack ready for him, but she's afraid of making a fuss, and Mr. Penniman hates a fuss.—Presently the street door opens, the gentleman enters the passage, then the parlor. The little boy runs to meet him, but Maria sits still with her eyes on the fire. He looks round as for something; then bids Johny run out and bring him the boot-jack; puils off his street coat and sends for his old. comfortable one, but shivers as he puts it on; next the cold slippers are put on and off half a dozen times till they are warmed through—Maria sit silent, with her eyes on the fire.

"All well?" says Mr. P., when at last settled to his satisfaction.

"Yes."

"Have you heard of the dreadful accident at Lucy's?"

The lady jumps.—"At Lucy Grey's?—How?—What?"

"Her little boy has broken his leg—may have to be amputated."

Maria's face was filled with agony. Lucy, it was the curly headed cousin of Georgiana; was her best friend; Maria loved her, worshiped her, would have died for her.

"I thought," continued Mr. P., "that you might have been sent for to watch; they're not rich you know, and can't hire nurses."

Maria was up stairs in a moment; her shawl and bonnet were on, and before her husband divined her purpose was half way down stairs again.

"Wait, wait, Maria," said he shuffling out; "after tea I will go over with you."

Very unwillingly she agreed: but soon came doubts whether she had better go at all. Lucy had so many friends, she wouldn't be needed; it would only make more fuss; Lucy liked her well enough, but she liked many others much better, of course; then she was such a poor nurse, and she knew nothing about broken limbs, and might do more harm than good: she longed to be with her friend, to help her, to suffer with her; her heart ran over with sympathy, but she thought upon the whole, that she had better not go. Mr. P. had tried so often in vain to change Maria's passion for self-abasement, that he now said nothing; but if his wife could of heard his thoughts, they would have whispered: "how sad that so excellent and loving a nature should forever be refusing to act out the love thrt is in it. Half of those she is most earnestly attached to, care nothing for her, because they think she cares nothing for them. Her old friends have left her because they could never be sure that she was their friend. To night she would go to the torture to save Lucy this trial, and yet will stay here, and never show that she cares a rush for her."

He was right. She, too, had failed to solve the life problem, at least, so far as earthly friendships were concerned. Human eyes could see the selfishness that lay under Sally's useful counterfeit of love; but few eyes, except those in Heaven, could discern the true, living affection that burned beneath the indifference of Maria. She, too, had failed to learn Lucy's secret.

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It is a sick room. Georgiana stands by a bedside, languidly moving a fan near the face of the suffering child. She thinks it very stupid, and wishes Lucy would come back and let her go down and see the people that have come in to ask about the accident. Lucy is in her kitchen preparing something for the little boy. Presently she comes up, noiselessly as a shadow; with a bustling, careless sweep, Georgiana hurries down, fearing some new duty may devolve upon her. The patient has to be gently turned and lifted: his mother is too weak.—"Oh!" she sighs, "how I wish Maria was here."—She goes to the head of the stairs and calls her domestic to her aid. Why did not some good angel reveal that scene to Maria?

The evening goes on. Below, Georgiana is charming half a dozen young men, who won't believe she is twenty-seven. "Such a splendid woman! So pleasant in her manners! So simple and interested in every thing you are!" One relic of the earlier generation of beaus, sits in the corner, smiles quietly, and recalls the days and nights when he too, thought her divine; when she was interested in every thing that he was, agreed with him about Bulwer's Eugene Aram, and admired with him the first productions of the pencil of Beard. He, and all that she had flattered in those days, looked on her now mournfully; she had cheated them for a while, but one by one, male and female, they had opened their eyes to her charming; had realized the unpleasant truth that they had duped; and who that has been duped can be the duper's friend?

The evening goes on. By and by the servant girl enters, and whispers to the elder beau who is still watching Georgiana. He follows her up stairs. Lucy meets him at the chamber door. He takes her hand as reverently as if she were ninety, and he a boy; as affectionately as if she were an infant and he her father—the truth is, he is a rejected lover, but none the less a friend for life, and for all lives.

My husband is in New York, as you know, Mr. Shepard," says Lucy, "and I want some gentleman in the house to night. May I ask you? He would have run himself into mould candles, though by no means corpulent had she desired it.

The little sufferer is sleeping at last. Mr. Shepard proposes to sit by him while Lucy goes down into the parlor. She smooths her wavy hair and descends—with what marks of sympathy, of respect, and yet how freely the dozen persons in her little plain sitting room press round her. Georgiana is deserted; the bird in her net breaks loose:—She is charming, but a charm of a higher kind is over him now. To the young she seems a sister, to the old a daughter, to all she is the nearest and dearest of friend. One youth she took home when in sickness, and nursed him back to life, another she saved from the gaming table; a third she warned in time to prevent him from making himself the town talk by playing the lover to a mischievious coquette. Her good deeds are as many as Sally Thompson's, but no selfishness lurke beneath them. She flatters as effectually as Georgiana, because she feels the interest that her cousin assumes; her love is as deep, and as pure as Maria's, but she does what her friend does not—she shows the love that is in her. And yet, to this day, she does not know why so many befriend her; help her husband; pet her children; prefer her little room to the saloons of her neighbors; laugh with her joy and weep with her sorrows. She does not know that she solves the life problem by the affection which she feels, and which she lives; creates friendship by being, in soul and in act, herself a friend. She does not know her own secret.

Advantages of Habit.—Bulwer worked his way to eminence—worked it through failure, thro' ridicule. His facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master it. He has practiced writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays (unpublished) nine or ten times over. Another habit will show the advantage of continuous application, He only works about three hours in the day—from ten in the morning till one—seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading, scarcely e.er to writing. Yet what an amout of hard labor has resulted from these three hours! He writes very rapidly, averaging twenty pages a day of novel print.

[Bentley's Miscellany.

A writer from California thus describes a young lady of that country:

"She rides wild horses, throws the lasso adroitly, and never misses her aim with the rifle; she carries a hunting knife in her girdle, and understands the anatomy of either stag or buffalo; knows nothing about corsets, capes, furbelows, or flounces; never wears bonnets, and speaks no English."

**GOOD BYE.**

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart,
It may serve for the lover's closing day,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give to me the lips that say
The honest words—' Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach,
Whene'er to grasp the hands of those
We would have forever nigh;
The flame of Friendship bursts and glows,
In the warm, frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes thro' her heart, her doubts and fears,
For the loved one's future life.
No cold 'adieu' no 'farewell' lives
Within her closing sigh;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives—
'God bless, thee, boy! Good bye!

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long—a last 'Good bye!'

### ITEMS.

Golden Sands of Thought.—Some one says, "there is nothing so prolific as a little, known well," and there is weight in the remark.

Love is humble and secures the respect and friendship of others; but a haughty man is disagreeable to all.

The delicate hand of a princes may launch a man of-war; and the voice of a peasant bring down an avalanche.

The three most difficult things are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to mage good use of one's leisure.

Never dispute about trifles. The nerve of a tooth is a little thing, but disturb it, and it may drive a Webster crazy. A pin scratch is but a trifle, yet it has sometimes led lo death.

In proportion as luxury increased the life of man was abreviated. The four kings of Rome lived longer than the first twenty emperors.

Life is a soap bubble that arises out of the abyss of nothing; flutters a moment upon the margin of the gulf, perishes before the breath of death.

A man's reputation has been very aptly compared to a sheet of white paper, if it be once blotted, it can hardly ever be made to look as white as before. Apologists of youthful immoralities should think of this.

Never find fault with girls, very young girls in particular, if they are decided romps, but be thankful that they have the health and spirit for romping. Better be a romp than have a narrow chest and a flushed cheek.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how often creep
In cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healings sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers,
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leaves me at my mother's knee.

Classical.—Before leaving Troy, king Menelaus offered his daughter as a victim to the gods, in order to win the propitious breezes for the voyage home. We are reminded of this in modern society, when we hear of some match making parent sacrificing his daughter to "raise the wind."

An honest means of getting a living.—There seems to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth. The first is by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbors—this is robbery; the second, by commerce, which is generally cheating; the third by agriculture, the only honest way wherein a man receives a real increase of seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favor, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry. [Franklin.

☞ Are you in trouble? Don't tell it to every body you meet. Not one in a hundred will sympathize with you. Some may speak a word of comfort, to turn away and ridicule you, but precious few will laugh less freely, or engage with less earnestness in the business of life. Troubles, in nine cases out of ten, are like threatening clouds which soon vanish.

☞ An Irish knight was once disputing with a French courtier as to the age and standing of their families, when the latter, as a finisher to the argument, said that his ancestors were in the ark with Noah. "That's nothing," said the Hibernian with a rich brogue, "for at the deluge my forefathers were cruising about in a boat of their own."

TO THE LADIES.

The man that doth no paper take,
Grudging the price of one a year,
Will never a good husband make,
Because his wife can never know what is going on in the world, and his children will very ignorant appear.

The last line is rather too long for good metre, but the moral is sublimer.

☞ David Fender, popping the question, in a letter, concludes thus—"And should you say yes, dear Mary, I will truly be your *D. Fender*."

☞ "You want a flogging, that's what you want," said a parent to his unruly son.

"I know it dad, but I'll try to get along without it," said the independent brat.

☞ The following recently perpetrated, seems too good to be lost:

A young lady engaged in writing, observed to a clergyman present, that she was a *Scribe*. To which the man in orders, with a sagacity and clerical discernment truly creditable, replied, "and *fair-I-see*." [Pharisee.]

☞ Lord Bacon says a man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the passing thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly of the most value, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

Cost of Wickedness.—It is estimated the expense of the New York city police the coming year will be $470,000. The alms-house expenses are named at $400,000. Education has only $250,000 assigned it, as necessary for 400,000 people.